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AN  
ANSWER  
TO THE  
MEMOIRS  
OF  
MRS. BILLINGTON.  
WITH THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
RICHARD DALY, ESQ.  
AND  
AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF  
THE IRISH THEATRE.

---

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN,  
Well acquainted with several  
CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF ALL PARTIES.

" *The reply churlish* —————

" ————— *if you said so, then I say so.*"

SHAKESPEARE'S AS YOU LIKE IT.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
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# ADVERTISEMENT.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

READING a most illiberal Publication, entitled, THE MEMOIRS OF MRS. BILLINGTON, I have taken an opportunity (being well acquainted with many circumstances that are touched upon) of offering this Answer. Neither friendship or affinity having any concern in it—Partiality has not the least sway in it. With Mrs. B—, I never exchanged a syllable in my life. Beauty and merit have been most grossly, most illiberally attacked.—As the defender of them, I submit the following sheets to your candor and generosity.

The AUTHOR.

January 16th, 1792.  
PICCADILLY.

AN ANSWER TO THE PUBLIC

READING a most liberal Public  
entitled, The Masters of Mass.  
I have taken an opportunity  
(being well acquainted with many  
circumstances that are touched upon)  
to answer this Answer. Neither friend  
or enemy having any concern in  
the matter. It is not the least thing  
that I have written. I have written  
it in my life. I only and now  
have been most grossly mistreated  
and abused. As the defender of  
I submit the following facts to  
your consideration and generosity.

The Author.

## TO THE READER

### MOST PARTICULARLY.

THE Author of the following Publication, anxious to vindicate the characters of beauty and merit, to expose the ignorance and illiberality of a Bookseller, and to stand the *Actor's friend*, has sent these sheets into the world more *expeditiously*, perhaps, than he should have done—though no apology should be accepted for errors, confessed by a writer; extreme haste, in the present instance, may be brought forward as some excuse for what may take place on that head. As *little time* was given to the Printer, the following mistakes (over-looked, and from the immediate mentioned cause, incapable of being corrected) will, we hope, be paid some little attention to in the course of the perusal.

#### E R R A T A.

Page 5. For PARVO leves capiunt animos, read PARVA  
leves capiunt animos.

Ibid. For, Be thou as pure as ice, as chaste as ice,  
thou shalt not escape calumny, read, Be thou as  
pure as ice, as chaste as snow, thou shalt not  
escape calumny.

Page 9. For ANTIQUITY, read AMBIGUITY.

Page 12. For DORIS, read DOORS.

Page 28. For DARLY, read DARBY.

Page 62. For MUSIC, read MUSICIAN.



# TO THE READER

## MOST FAVORABLY

THE Author of the following Publication  
 anxious to illustrate the character of society  
 and more to expose the ignorance and ill-  
 feeling of a Book-keeper, and to show the  
 right, has sent forth these into the world, more  
 especially, perhaps, than the School have done  
 — though no apology should be accepted for  
 errors, corrected by a writer; earnestly, in  
 the present instance, may be brought forward  
 as some excuse for what may take place on that  
 point. As this was given to the Printer,  
 the following mistakes occurred, and now  
 the immediate memorial, and in part of  
 being corrected, with no hope, he will find  
 satisfaction in the result of the process.

### P R E F A C E

Page 1. For I have been capital and I have  
 have capital and I have

Page 2. For He then at first at last, as change as two  
 then that not change as first, and He then at  
 first as last, as change as first, then that not  
 change as first.

Page 3. For Antiquity and Antiquity.

Page 4. For Doves, and Doves.

Page 5. For Doves, and Doves.

Page 6. For Doves, and Doves.

**A N S W E R, &c.**

MANY, perhaps, might address this Answer *personally* to the *Compiler*; were he possessed of manhood or sense, I should have done it—the former is lost in being the cowardly opponent of a defenceless woman—*defenceless*, even in the opinion of the scribbling Pamphleteer himself; for he very *bravely* defies the man, whom he calls and knows to be a *coward*—more *defenceless*, as being a professional woman, who faces those eyes which, perhaps, have just perused the vilest assemblage of illiberal attacks that ever came from the pen of a *gripping*

Bookseller—eyes, that, were they influenced by a most insufferable olio of *stimulative indecencies*, would lose an individual the means of acquiring her bread—an individual, however, that is too firmly *established* ever to be stricken by the withered hand of a crazy Compiler.—To be infallible, is not in human nature—error is an attendant that it never can shake off.—The *candid* Publisher even acknowledges, that *he* is not exempt from it—wonderful information! If errors, however, fall unproportionably to the share of Mrs. B—, her *beauty* may lead her into snares, which inclination cannot sometimes possibly prevent; error has mostly adhered to beauty. In our first parent, the great balance was first felt; the former, our Compiler has claimed so fair an *acquaintance* with, that we are not at all surprised he has been able to represent it in such *lively* glaring colours; whilst, on the other hand, his being so perfect a *stranger* to the latter, makes him callous and insensible to all its charms; for,



for, whatever mortal errors fall to the lot of Mrs. B—,

“Look in her face, and you’ll forget them all.”

I shall, however, no longer follow the example of the Compiler, by stuffing the reader with extraneous matter, or attempt to cajole or fatigue him with impertinent and tautalogous exordiums, which, in fact, entirely fill the pages of his production, and render it an absolute *catchpenny* publication, an imposition, and a robbery; but proceed to answer and commentate on the variety of enormities alleged by him against the character of Mrs. B—.

*The Memoirs of Mrs. B—* is asserted, by the Publisher in his Advertisement, to have been ready for publication for this fortnight past, but for *private reasons* (for he has not thought proper to make known what they were) he withheld them. The *reasons*, then, were these:—If Mrs. B— would have crammed this pseudo-writer’s mouth with a handsome *douceur*, he would never have

disgorged his nonsense on the public, following the *infamous* precedent of Foote in respect to the Memoirs of the late Duchess of Kingston—"Madam, *pay* me  
 "so and so, or I'll expose you to the  
 "world; blacken your character; ruin  
 "you in the opinion of every one. You  
 "are a *woman*, Ma'am—I know you  
 "cannot answer me, or if you *can*, of  
 "what avail will your *weak* assertions  
 "opposed to my *cutting* asseverations?  
 "Besides, prepossession is all in *my* fa-  
 "vour too; the *first* stab is always cer-  
 "tain of being the most *fatal*;—*scandal*  
 "is sweet, very sweet, and easily swal-  
 "lowed; John Bull is easily led; get a  
 "thing into his head, and then extir-  
 "pate it, Madam, if you can." So it  
 is, and thus it follows—If a public cha-  
 racter, who has acquired a little *No-*  
*toriety*, will not submit to the extortion  
 of paying for the *suppression* of their *Me-*  
*moirs*, when a half-witted, needy Book-  
 seller thinks proper to publish them,  
 they must immediately be held up as a  
 butt for ignorance and folly to hurl  
 their ridicule and venom at, for *parvo*

*leves*

*leves capiunt animos* ; nay, “ Be thou as  
 “ pure as ice, as chaste as ice, thou shall  
 “ not *escape calumny*.”

As for the prefatory Address, it must appear to every eye a composition of the most contradictory nonsense that ever escaped the hands of a *partial* compiler. What is styled, in fact, “ *The Memoirs of Mrs. B—*,” is scarcely any thing else but an odd jumble of his *own letters* to the Husband and the Attornies, so on *e-contra*, and of his *Heroine's* (as he terms her) to her Mother. The Letters of Mrs. B—, he one time says, are to form a *regular connected work* ; and avows, most sacredly avows, that he received them from hands the most *respectable* and *authentic* ; then, at another, that, *very probably*, there *may* be an error in the *authenticity* of them ; but, *very candidly*, and like a *man*, appeals to Mrs. B—, to declare upon oath, whether they are *spurious* or *not* ? If she will come forward, and declare upon *affidavit*, respecting the truth of the business, he very *good naturedly*



*turedly* promises to favour the public with some more *Letters*, which, for *prudential* motives, he *now* conceals; supposing, whether Mrs. B— knew them to be authentic or not, that *she would hold a candle to the Devil*: Whereas the Writer of this is very well convinced that there is one letter *only* which has not yet made its appearance in these Memoirs.—So much for the candour and generosity of a *Pamphlet Caterer*. Can the Public be *gulled* in this manner? If so, convert the green-stalls of Covent-Garden to Booksellers stalls—*scandal* and *lies* sell better than *cabbages* and *potatoes*.

The interview of the *Publisher* with the *Possessor* of the *Letters* is truly ridiculous: The latter confesses, “that the  
 “ *Letters* are *genuine*; but they were not  
 “ *fit* to be published, and had been ob-  
 “ tained from him *unfairly*; a circum-  
 “ stance, he said, he *truly regretted*, and  
 “ that he will give some *small* acknow-  
 “ ledgment to the COMPILER, if *he*  
 “ would *consent* to destroy them: That  
 “ he

“ he had inserted an advertisement in  
 “ the papers, *some years ago*, offering a  
 “ reward to any person who might be  
 “ in possession of the *Letters*, describing  
 “ particularly the cover in which they  
 “ now are : *That he knew nothing of Mrs.*  
 “ *B—*, having neither seen or HEARD  
 “ her since the interment of her mo-  
 “ ther, *several years past.*”

What a train of laughable contradic-  
 tions, and evident falsehoods, are con-  
 tained in this *one* paragraph. The *Pos-*  
*essor* has the Letters taken from him  
*unfairly*—How unfairly? Could he be  
 robbed of them? Could they be taken  
 from him by force? Almost impossible.  
 Likewise, “ That he would give some  
 “ *small* acknowledgment to have them  
 “ destroyed.”—Why give *any* acknow-  
 ledgment? Were they not his own pro-  
 perty? Even a *pledge* cannot be detain-  
 ed. This acknowledgment was to be  
 given, mark me, to the *Compiler*; from  
 whence it is evident that the *Memoirs*  
 were already arranged and compiled :  
 wonderful

wonderful candour and forbearance !!!  
 An *advertisement* was inserted *some years ago*—the dates of the Letters are only in 1784, and some little time, of course, must have elapsed since they fell into the hands of this honest *gallant* gentleman—No great period of time. A *few years*, Mr. Bookseller, would have been a better phrase, at least a more *probable* one. This Letter Purveyor likewise *knew nothing of Mrs. B—*; then follows an immediate acknowledgment of an acquaintance *antecedent* to the death of Mrs. Weichsel, for he says *since her demise*, that he never saw or HEARD her MARK—not *of* her—the antiquity of this is truly contemptible, Mrs. B—has only been in England or Ireland, the gentleman, we suppose, was at Grand Cairo, or in a *wilderness*, where the *Compiler* seems to have been whilst he was writing these *Memoirs*—this must certainly have been the case, and the indefatigable Mr. R— went thither in search of him, to accomplish this barefaced catchpenny publication. But to be serious; Mrs. B—  
 has



has been in London some time, the Bookseller, is seldom at any great distance from his *Counter*; the *Gentlemen* therefore, must have been at no great remoteness; yet *notwithstanding*, he has never heard or seen Mrs. B— for several years! Who *has not* heard of her? that all Europe has—her talents have reached its furthest limits; but what has this to do with the business? The honest Bookseller “*returned home perfectly satisfied,*” of course then, the world must be satisfied *also*.

The *Publisher* says, he has some *credit* at stake with the Public; have not other people the same? who is he, a man lately emerged from obscurity; yet he has the impudence to *impeach* the whole theatrical profession, as the most insignificant and undistinguished objects of human nature.

To make the *Memoirs* specious as possible, in the eye of the Public, the Publisher offers to exhibit the letters of

C

Mrs. B—

Mrs. B— to her mother; but how—*that* eye, he immediately subjoins, must be the one of a *friend*.

What the Compiler seems mostly to dwell upon, are the *Letters*—excepting one or two, respecting the business of D—, which most likely, is a *productive* flight of his own imagination, they are replete with affection and the kindest concerns for a mother's health and well-fare; but in his wonderful opinion, "*she is lost to every sentiment of virtue, honour and integrity, and immersed in the horrible depths of human depravity.*" Virtue, honour and integrity are inimical to every man, who guides his trade and actuates his conduct by attempts of *extortion*; as for *depravity*, Master Bookseller, look to the party you *espouse*.

Virtue, honour and integrity in a Bookseller, are qualities which the *trade* could never live on; with such a stock, they would sooner starve—our Biographer

*pities* Mrs. B— in one moment (as if she was an object of such a fellow's pity!) and with apparent candour and humanity, determines, at first, to have *no concern in the publication*; but finding, on a more serious deliberation, that it would turn out *very productive*, he changes his *note* when he finds he cannot obtain *any* of Mrs. B—'s,

The remainder of the prefatory address, consists principally of the Bookfellers letter and the replies thereto; in the course of which he very *decently* and *manfully* upbraids Mrs. B— with being a w— and an adultress;—where *argument* is wanting, *abuse* is generally brought forward to supply its place;—call a woman a w—, shame—shame—go once more to thy stall in ———, and vend thy ancient goods. *Decency* accords not with a higher state. Send a fresh edition of the W—of P—to the world, embellished with cuts of thy own fertile luscious imagination.—Improve upon it, consult thy neighbours and resorts in Jermyn Street, and if



thou wantest instruction they will give it thee; as for adultrefs, look at home Basil—watch thy own Doris—say, Shylock, art thou answered?—*one lump of flesh* will not satisfy the carrion that thou feedest upon.

To crown this curious publication, Mrs. B—, the candid Bookfeller observes, “was the sole cause of alienating the *affections* of an *indulgent husband*, from an “amiable virtuous wife, and a numerous beautiful offspring,”—meaning D—!!! How easy is it, to hold individuals up to *public censure*, degrading one, merely for an opportunity to elevate another; did Mrs. B— stand blackened with half the crimes of him, whom this candid Compiler calls an *affectionate husband*, she would indeed deserve a total exemption from all public favour; the public favour, which he now has lost—irrecoverably lost, though years groaned for the time to come. Mr. R—endeavours to assist the character of D—, and by so doing, makes Mrs. B— the entire aggressor

for and seducer; but mark, *How soon a plain tale shall bring him down.*

Having fatigued our readers, we fear, with exposing the absurdities and contradictions that run through this imposition and catchpenny pamphlet, let us now proceed to facts.

Know then, that the *Gentleman* so instrumental in bringing this publication forward is a Mr. R—l, who lived with the late Mrs. Weichsel,\* being about her person on her demise, her papers fell into his possession; among them, were some letters wrote by Mrs. B—. Letters which, as we have observed before, *excepting one*, that teem with the tender solicitude of filial affection—that one, we believe to be a fabrication—for without it the Memoirs (if they merit that appellation could have been nothing? Nothing almost they now are.—We sincerely wish we could say in this respect, respecting

\* This genius was a *common soldier*, and made his mistress live, or rather *starve* upon red herrings, till at last it was too well known, she died of want, and in the utmost penury.

the profits of them, *Ex nihilo nihil, fit*—these Letters were really sent to Mrs. B— with a promise of suppression for a paltry sum; had it been the most insignificant, her spirit would have spurned at the compliance? “*Let the gall’d jade wince, (says she) our withers are unwrung—I have never offended the Public, I have pleased them; exerted my whole powers to entertain them—will they not then protect me? Will they not support me against oppression and extortion.*”

This demand being refused by Mrs. B—, the humane and gallant Mr. R—, the noted Mr. R—, allied foes to *any woman*, put their infamous blockheads together, and at last brought forward a publication, which must render them, in the eye of the Public, the most contemptible of beings; one unworthy the notice of manhood—the other, unworthy of patronage and support.—In point of profits, these gentlemen are sharers; they divide the spoil *fairly* and equally, like men of spirit and of trade.—There were about



about two thousand of the books printed we understand, about fifteen hundred of them are sold: so the *Publisher* himself asserts. The Public then have been most finely gulled—the receivers share now most sumptuously on the spoils of a woman who can boast the greatest merit. Let them turn about now and become the Biographers of their friends in Jermyn Street; some luscious scenes might be introduced, Master R—; those things, as you have lately witnessed, are exceedingly productive—Shame! shame upon thee.

Respecting the nativity and so forth of Mrs. B—, it is partly right. Though I have taken up my pen in defence of beauty and merit, I shall not attempt to enter on the conduct of Mr. B—, or the Mr. W—'s; they are men, and *ought* to defend *themselves*; it's a pity, however, that the Bookseller had not endeavoured to trace out the whole genealogy, and class them in the *lump*, as it certainly would have proved more entertaining than either “*his* Letters—Mrs. B—'s Letters—the husband's

" husband's Letters—the Lawyer's Let-  
 " ters ; a lecture upon vicious refine-  
 " ment and moderate adultery, or, a frag-  
 " ment found in the neighbourhood of  
 " Poland Street ;" all of which are intro-  
 duced as a mere catchpenny to swell  
 the book and gull the Public. In one in-  
 stance, indeed, the Compiler has been fair,  
 candid and honourable, for in the very  
 onset of the *Memoirs*, he ingenuously  
 confesses, that " error is the lot of hu-  
 " man nature ; and that he, (the Com-  
 " piler of the work) is not free from it."  
 —Here we will give him the credit, for  
 once, of adhering to the voice of truth.

The Publisher says, in his prefatory  
 Address, that he has a *character* at stake  
 with the Public. If *indecent* and *lasci-  
 vious expressions* entitle him to any *cha-  
 racter* at all, it must be a most infamous  
 one. Run through the adventures of  
 the most horrid brothel, this *man* of  
 candour, probity, and character, could  
 not have selected more luxuriant fauces  
 to raise the animal appetite than the  
 following—*Playing upon a little flage-*

let

let—young and in love—the *want* of a husband—*his instrument* to perform upon—a remarkable good—w—, adultress—an instrument of a *certain shape* and make, with a large *end* or *top*—curfed bitch—venereal disease—the maid putting her hand *to any thing*—using a *small candle*, called *Long Tens*, which would occasion a *discharge*—*things* being in a way of *going forward*. SPEAKING OF MR. B—'s NUPTIALS, he (Mr. B—) attempted a *little flute*, for the first time, the *same day* he was married, and again the *next morning*; but it was so *defective* in its *construction*, that his wife insisted he should *put it up*; and she has never permitted him to *perform* with it *since*.—Here is a man who values himself upon public character—a rank *bawdy* scribe—a retailer of lust—an instigator of venery. If thou desirest, Compiler, to improve the minds and morals of the age, give them a fresh edition of *Aretine*, with notes, advertisements, and a prefatory address. Swell it out with MS. Letters from thy own vicinity of Jermyn-street. Mother J— will assist thee in so laudable



an undertaking.—Undertake, then, all this, but do not traduce a woman any further, who is as far superior to thee, as the canopy of heaven is to thy shop of calumny and slander.

I think it my duty, however, before I proceed any further, to beg pardon of the Reader for *repeating* such *infamous expressions* as are here quoted, in one paragraph *only*, but which, in fact, run through the whole course of the *Memoirs*. That it is not fit for the inspection of the youthful or female eye, is most evident; half the commission of sin is forgot in the secrecy of it. Because luxuriant transactions are practised by a *public character*, or known to take place in private houses of intrigue, is the juvenile, strong, and impassioned mind to be made acquainted with them? Though a few individuals might be indulged revelling on the envied beauties of Mrs. B—, are the circumstances of it to be related to my wife, my mother, my daughter, or my sister? Yet, notwithstanding—

withstanding, the Compiler of these luscious scenes affirms, he has a *character at stake* with the *public*. Let the impartial Reader reflect, for a moment, what are the crimes imputed to Mrs. B—; is she not a most beautiful woman? The first singer confessedly in Europe? An *admired* professional character? All eyes are on her—All hearts incline to her—Mankind admire—adore her. Then, because she sometimes falls a victim to temptation and importunity (for say, what other crime can be imputable to her?) “*She is immersed in all the horrible depth of human depravity.*” Mrs. B—being a public character, as she is, the candid, generous Compiler, is more and more *infamous* and *responsible* for what he has advanced—He would have her *purse*—Because she would not submissively deliver that, which, as a spirited woman, she refused, and which she would in preference yield to a highwayman who attacked her *openly* on the road, he has meanly, uncommercially *endeavoured* to hurt, to vilify her in the opinion of the

Public. Mrs. B— having *dared* him to asperse her *character*, refused to deliver up her *purse*, defied their *extortionate threats*; and swerved, for once, from the opinion of our immortal Bard :

- “ —Good name, in man or *woman*,  
 “ Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
 “ Who *steals my purse*, steals trash, 'tis something,  
     “ nothing ;  
 “ 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
     “ thousands.  
 “ But he that filches from me my good name,  
 “ Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 “ And makes me poor indeed.”

The partial reader may think, perhaps, that, for a stranger to Mrs. B—, I espouse her cause somewhat warmly ; not so warm *for* her, I reply, as the man who has taken up the pen *against* her. Infamously attacked as she has been, and by an obscure vender of Grubstreet pamphlets, who has vilified and abused her, he knows not why or wherefore ; but from a self-asserted idea, that his scurrility must turn out to be *productive*. Why not then stand up warmly

ly



ly for her? Who is that man that hears and views her sweetly warbling in *Clara* or *Mandane*, but would surrender his whole soul to be possessed of such uncommon talents—beauty and perfection. I stand not forward as the advocate of vice. No! Every sensible impartial man must be conscious that a professional woman, like Mrs. B—, is subject to a thousand snares and temptations, which the private individual can never be laid open to. That this Lady has sacrificed at the altar of Paphos, I shall not attempt to deny or disapprove; but at the same time, for a man like Mr. R— to obtrude a catchpenny publication on the world, replete with obscenity, lies, and inconsistencies—To assert that Mrs. B— *seduced* Mr. D— from the duties of a husband and a father—Turned his mind from a constant, tender, virtuous partner, to an unabashed debauchee—is most laughably contemptible. On his asserting these falsehoods, he is the means of bringing the character of a man into public notice, which,  
better

better for him, might otherwise have escaped the ordeal of biography. That Mrs. B— was untainted by any vicious steps before she visited the scenes of the Irish theatre, I firmly believe; but that it has not only been her lot, but the fate of many others, to fall into the same gin, is undoubtedly to be proved. As some account, however, of *Mr. D—*, and the *Present State of the Irish Theatre*, may lead to the elucidation of several points, I shall beg pardon of my readers for the following digression:

“ Then, should not the public  
 “ join in the most indignant repro-  
 “ bation of a wretch, who has  
 “ been the *sole* cause of alienating  
 “ the affections of an *indulgent*  
 “ *husband*.”

RIDGWAY.

In this hasty sketch of Mr. D—’s Memoirs, we shall not follow the example of Mrs. B—’s biographer, by abusing the whole string of this gentleman’s

man's generation. Mrs. D—, we believe, the hand of slander cannot fully; she is proof against obloquy. As for Mr. C. D—, we look upon more as a private than a public character; gentleman-like in his manners, and accounted peaceable in his disposition, till this recent condemnation of his conduct in a court of justice, for which, we think, he suffers somewhat *too hardly*.

Mr. R. D— (the subject of these few sheets) is the second son of an affluent and respectable farmer; born (we believe) in the county of Galway. There being several other children, the father could not bequeath our hero any sum tantamount to independence. At his demise, Mr. R. D— received a bequest of nearly £1,200. The eldest son became the possessor of £1,500. a year. This gentleman is since dead, and his fortune devolved to his children. Mr. C. D—, who is now confined in Dublin, with his brother, for an assault and riot in the Dublin Theatre, is brought



brought up to the bar. There was a sister, married to a Mr. N——, of whom the world spoke unkindly; but “to err is human, to forgive divine.” The whole family received the best education the country could afford; they were all respected, and all esteemed.

As for Mr. R. D—, he was brought up in the College of Dublin, where he rendered himself an obnoxious character, by the extreme looseness of his manners and principles. With many others of the same debauched stamp as himself, he entered into all the vices, luxuries, and gaieties of the city. Two or three watchmen were *murdered* in the streets of Dublin, whilst these youthful pranks were carried on; for which, however, we shall not attempt to stigmatize any individual. These same watchmen, *bona fide*, were absolutely *murdered* in the execution of their offices, in endeavouring to check the alarming progress of drunkenness, wantonness, and cruelty. “For  
“ *murder, though it have no tongue, will*  
“ *Speak*

"*Speak with most miraculous organ.*"—  
Advanced, then, as the time may be, it  
will one day cry out in evidence irre-  
futable.

Amongst the most prominent of Mr.  
D—'s vices was, an attachment to *ga-  
ming*. Through this propensity, he first  
made himself an object of *cruel Notoriety*.  
*Billiards* was his favourite game; and  
the following accident, in consequence  
of a dispute thereon, obliged him, for a  
time, to fly his native country.

Playing at billiards with the late noted  
Major B——n, at the no less noted  
*Mara's* table, in Cope-street, Dublin, a  
dispute arose about the foulness of the  
stroke; an appeal was made to the gene-  
ral sense of the company present, but all  
refused to give any particular decided  
opinion. Upon this, as is the custom  
of the game, it was at last left to the  
decision of the marker, who, after some  
hesitation, well knowing the furious  
temper of both the parties who were  
E play-

playing, gave it in favour of Major B—n. D—, at this time, was standing at one of the corners of the table, with his hand in the pocket fixed on the ball. —The decision was no sooner given, than, in the passionate moment of madness, he furiously hurled the ball at the hapless marker, and hit him fatally in *the ball of the eye*. The poor man was immediately taken home, and, after languishing in the most miserable tortures for three days, *he died*, leaving behind him a widow and three orphans !!!— Upon this, a bill of indictment was preferred, and found against Mr. D— for *murder*; on which he flew his country, and came to England. This same bill, we believe, is still out against him.

Before we finally dismiss this *billiard subject*, we shall relate the following anecdote, which is apposite to the business, and perfectly connected with the above.

A masquerade, some time after the above-mentioned *accident*, took place in  
Dublin,

Dubl  
Mr.  
habit  
betw  
same  
shoul  
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Dublin, when a *gentleman*, hearing that Mr. D— was to be there, went in the habit of a *Billiard-marker*, holding a ball between his finger and thumb, with the same arm raised on a parallel with his shoulder, and the other fixed in a curve on his left side. Guilt struck our hero with shivering horror, and conviction, with an irresistible look, drove him slinking from the spot of conviviality.— As the mock play proved to the King of Denmark, so did this figure to Mr. D— :

“ ——— I have heard,  
 “ That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 “ Have, by the very cunning of the scene,  
 “ Been struck to the soul, that presently  
 “ They have proclaim’d their malefactions.”

That first characteristic of *Notoriety*— a *Duellist*— shone as glaringly in Mr. D— as the *Gambler* ; in that character he has made his appearance two or three times, though he may be more indebted to the hand of protective chance and good fortune for his preservation, than any claim

to personal courage or manly behaviour. The following circumstance is a sufficient and single proof of what I have advanced.

Our hero had a serious quarrel with a young fellow, an officer of the 49th reg.; what the quarrel was, would be almost impossible to ascertain, as he was involved in so many, that the particulars of any individual one would only be a repetition of *an old story*. It is sufficient to remark, that the incensed parties met, by appointment, under the *gallows*, on *Gallows Green*—a convenient spot for such a laudable enterprize. Bobadil looked so horridly fierce, and wielding his pistols in the air, like Darly in *Patrick in Prussia*, swearing that they were loaded with *razor blades*, he terrified his youthful opponent to such a degree, that he immediately took to his heels, and was pursued by the other all the way, till they reached the streets of Dublin. This circumstance, of course, alone established our hero, in the opinion of the world,

as a man of honour, of courage, and of gallantry.

So much for the character and success of a *Duellist*.

After the miserable death of the poor *Billiard-marker*, Mr. D—, as already mentioned, came to London, where he soon run out the remaining part of his small patrimony. Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, he was almost destitute. The respectability of his family insured him a dinner among his Hibernian acquaintance, otherwise he was a mere wanderer, and existed how and where he could. An object of melancholy and inactivity, as he knew he then was, he at last resolved, though not without many hard struggles with native pride and ignorant consequence, to get upon the *Stage*, as his only and last resource—For this purpose, he placed himself under the tuition of Macklin, and after much preparing and parotting, he made his appearance in *Othello* on

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the



the boards of Covent Garden—his figure on the stage is certainly favorable, though in his appearance off, he has more the resemblance of a *Hair-dresser* or *Valet de Chambre*, than a gentleman—in point of theatrical merit he could never boast of much—in this present instance he entirely *failed*—When the disappointed Moor was retiring disconsolately to his dressing-rooms, he was encountered by his veteran tutor, who, with much satire and asperity, so natural to his disposition, sneeringly asked our novice, what had become of the *boo's* and the *bor's* that he had taken such indefatigable pains to teach him. The impetuosity of D—'s temper, and soured by his recent failure of success, was so roused at the cutting manner of this reproach, that he unsheathed the instrument he had on his side, and appealing to a friend, asked him, “*If he should annihilate the wretch?*” —he did not attend, however, for an answer, but would have dispatched his aged monitor, had not the bye-standers very timely and spiritedly interfered.

After

After our hero's failure in *Othello*, he never appeared again upon the London boards. Some time after his attempt, he met with Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, who offered to take him with them to Ireland, and procure him an engagement. By this time his friends had contrived to hush up the murder of the Billiard-marker, by which he had an opportunity of returning to his native country, with every reliance, that for this offence, his neck was in no imminent danger. Before his importation, however, took place, he considered it very necessary to borrow a part of Mr. Crawford's wardrobe; for his own, at that time, was so considerably damaged by the hard hand of time, as to render it unfit for service or repair.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford having an engagement to play in Cork, previous to the one that was to take place in Dublin, our hero accompanied them thither, and made his first appearance in that city in the character of young *Norval*—here  
being

being among his own flock, he was more favorably received; and as his last choice was more prudent than the former, in respect to the contrasted difficulties of the two characters, he met with a considerable share of applause. After playing here some little time, under the tuition of his worthy patroness, he attended her to Dublin, where he was engaged by Ryder to *play* in Crow-street theatre. Here he made his first appearance in *Lord Townly*, and was likewise favorably received. After this period, he rose by degrees, and was mostly in possession of the first line of characters.

In the same theatre with our hero was Mrs. L—, the once celebrated Miss B—, who formerly led the comic train on the London boards—Being in possession of some property bequeathed to her by Mr. L—, and being moreover an excellent actress, and a wonderful favourite, Mr. D— laid instant storm to her affection, and carried the citadel in *two months* after the death of the late gover-

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nor. On this event taking place, he became of some consequence in the theatre; and entirely, from the merit of his wife, came into the receipt of £20. a week. About this period, the circumstances and popularity of poor Ryder, the then manager of the Crow-street Theatre, began to decline—The folly and extravagance of his wife and family precipitated him into a thousand embarrassments and inconveniencies. D— and his wife secretly seized this opportunity of aggrandising themselves, and being in possession of considerable interest, they very easily ousted the unfortunate Ryder. After this unhappy exclusion from his management and property, his life was a continued series of disasters and misfortunes, which ended at last in misery and death, brought on by melancholy and extreme distress.

The Irish theatre is supposed to be the hot-bed for actors—once it might have been—The Barry's and the Mossop's indeed surprized us. In its present state,

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however, it can scarcely be placed in competition with the most insignificant of our provincial theatres, in point of *acting*. *O'Reilly* was their last good actor—*Cherry*, who followed in point of merit, has emigrated to the York theatre. The only man remaining, who has any claim to the public favor, is *Mr. Palmer*, brother to those of the Haymarket Theatre. The poorest strollers now surpass them—To what is all this owing?—Nothing, I reply, but the tyranny and proverbial ill-principles of the present Manager.

The Irish theatre is elegant and commodious—so very large as to contain £300.—yet the writer of this has been present when the curtain has been drawn up to a less receipt than twenty shillings. *Astley*, with his mumming, miserable group, attracts both numbers and fashion. D— is almost every evening witness to a most “beggarly account of “empty boxes.”—Those boards where Barry sweetly uttered the plaintive lines

of Romeo—where Mossop breathed the spirit of revenge in Zanga, are deserted to behold a set of tumblers. That same stage, in fact, abandoned and despised from the ill-conduct of the Patentee—Nay, so much detestation is the present Manager held in, even by the very rabble, that whenever he makes his appearance in his box, they universally cry out, “*A groan, a groan for D—*,” and a galling groan in consequence is sure to come forth.

Young people who are attached to, and have imbibed the furor of the stage, are eager to tread the boards of any theatre, where they can indulge themselves in their favourite passion. Country actors likewise, anxious to emerge from the obscurity of a barn, fascinated by the promise of a shadowy profit, and panting to exhibit their great powers on a Theatre Royal, have been allured over the water, and then repented of their folly when it is found too late and irretrievable.—If they continue there, they are



almost sure to starve, and to be despised. —If they return, they soon find themselves immured in a prison for running, in fact, from poverty and contempt. In order then, that the amateurs of the Drama may not be deceived in their pursuits, I will proceed to inform them of *the present State of the Management, Rules, Orders, and so forth, of the Irish Theatre.*

Mr. D—, in the first place, cannot boast of a shilling forward in the world. It depends therefore on the success of the houses whether he can pay his performers or not; *even if inclination* spurred him to the enterprize, which we are very sorry to observe, is very seldom the case indeed—besides, his violent propensity to *gambling* puts it out of his power to be certain of any acquisition for a moment—To encourage which, he has nightly suppers in the theatre when the performances are over, at which Sir V—H—, G—M—, and the most notorious gamesters are invited. These nocturnal meetings continue in general

till

till the morning—but Mr. R— says otherwise—it is Mrs. B—, and not these sons of revelry *that alienate the affections of an indulgent husband and a tender father.*

Mr. D— very seldom crosses the water himself to engage his performers for the winter season.—Mr. Kennedy was formerly deputed to execute this office, but both ashamed of his employment and his employer, he has since gone into business, and is now very rapidly recovering that character which he lately lost, by being the tool of Mr. D—.

—The person, however, now employed, is Mr. D——n, a man grown grey in iniquity—an absolute theatrical kidnapper—a fit *servant*, in short, for such a *master*. But to proceed: When any one of the dramatic tribe proposes a mutual engagement to *this worthy Deputy*, he will *promise* that they shall have four, six, or eight pounds per week. This being agreed on, the poor deluded actor signs *a written article*, the purport of which is, that he shall have such and such sum per week for his performances, submitting himself

himself to the rules and regulations of the Theatre. The reader, at the same time, must observe, that neither the rules or regulations are specified in the articles. Another circumstance to be very *particularly* observed, is, “that such “and such salary is to be paid *on or before* “the 26th of May”—So far good. The *Actor*’s hopes and expectations, elevated by so respectable and profitable an engagement, steers his course to the sweet city of Dublin; and, in his way, congratulates himself in his own mind, that he is going to the land of hospitality, where he shall have his skin full of claret; and where, from the receipt of so *good* a salary, he will be enabled to live and support the character and consequence of a *gentleman*—Good again—Alas! poor deluded wretch. Supposing then, for supposition sake, that the *actor* is to have six pounds a week; in the first place, the Manager plays but *three* times a week, and its no play, no pay; sometimes, if it is frosty or unfavourable weather, only *twice*. The house is frequently so very thin,

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thin, that it is as frequently dismissed ; on such an event, the performer receives *no pay*. Meeting these circumstances, however, half way, the actor's salary of six pounds is reduced to three, oftentimes to two. Then again, half of the pay is *stopped* towards defraying the expences of his *benefit*, which he must take, like it or not ; that reduces it to one pound ten shillings, or to one pound. It must be observed too, in this instance, that the most favourite performer seldom gets above an hundred pounds in the house on his benefit night. The expences are sixty guineas, besides extra ones, which generally amount to twelve more. Then, again and again, the Irish gentry, notwithstanding all their attributed generosity and hospitality, have a custom of taking tickets from a performer for his benefit, and never having an idea of paying for them. So it is, or brand me by the name of *Villain*.

B — tt, the late Norwich Manager, was obliged to make use of the following

ing stratagem to obtain even the charges of the house at his benefit: Finding himself unlikely, though a very useful actor, and a native of Ireland, to make any profit of his engagement, he made the following proposition to D—: That if it was agreeable to him, he would settle accounts, and cancel the articles, thereby disburthening him from a heavy salary, and an unnecessary charge; the Manager, with the most apparent friendship and complacency, acquiesced in the proposition, and thereupon a mutual statement of accounts was agreed upon: When, to B—tt's great surprise, it appeared that there was a balance against him of sixty guineas more than he expected. "What is this for?" exclaimed B—; "The charges of your benefit," replied the Manager. "Why, I have had none," rejoined the other. "But you may, Sir, if you please," returned D—; "for take one or *not*, it must be paid for." The performer, finding himself at a nonplus, submitted to the necessity of taking a benefit; but con-

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conscious that he could not produce half the charges, he made an affected display of his benevolence, by advertising that the profits of that night were to be appropriated to a certain public charity. The scheme succeeded, and the actor was thereby enabled not only to pay the Manager his charges, but also to put a sufficient overplus in his pocket to bring him over to England.

From the aforesaid statement, then, it is proved, that the pleasing six pounds a week dwindles sometimes to one. But these are not all the deductions; the forfeits, as yet, have passed unmentioned; for it must be understood that Mr. D— considers himself as remarkably ill used, if the *Prompter* does not shew a list of forty pounds a week for forfeits; in case of failure, the inevitable consequence is a broken head. The *pay-day* falls on Saturday; the first thing the Manager does, when he comes to the theatre, is to ask for the *Forfeit Book*; if the sum total does not answer his expectations,



pectations, *down goes the Prompter*: he, poor fellow, takes his measure on the stage in half a moment. Therefore, what with playing so seldom, with stoppages for a benefit, with forfeits, and so forth, the actor generally receives the enormous sum of fifteen shillings a week.

At Drury-Lane there are no forfeits; at Covent-Garden, very few; at all other theatres they are scarce. Manchester, next to Dublin, is the most *distinguished* for them; there they give their performers, though a Theatre-Royal, the sum of fifteen shillings a week, only exacting, at the same time, forfeits on the most frivolous pretences; the sum total of which, however, goes to purchase *Banks, the Manager*, an evening's beef-steak, at the *Bull's Head* bar.

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*The following Account, to the best of our Recollection, is a Statement of the Forfeits annexed to an Engagement at the Dublin Theatre.*

Refusing a part, first time, -	£. 5 0 0
On a second refusal, it depends on the option of the Manager to discharge you.	
Looking through the green curtain -	0 10 6
Being absent in any scene of the play at rehearsal, - -	0 2 6
Not being ready on the time of beginning, - - -	0 10 6
Coming to business intoxicated	5 0 0
Looking at the Viceroy, when he comes to the play, - - -	0 10 6
Going on the stage improperly dressed, (though there is not a decent coat in the whole wardrobe), - -	0 10 6
Playing imperfect, - -	1 1 0
Striking, or returning a blow in the theatre, - - -	5 5 0
<i>Cum multis aliis, &amp;c.</i>	

To convince my readers how intent the Manager always is, in point of forfeits,  
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*feits*, the following anecdote may be depended on as a fact :

On a new overture being played in Crow-street Theatre, Mr. D—, as he was squinting through his glass from the Manager's box, very sagaciously observed that the *horns* did not play ; irritated at this supposed neglect, he flew to the door of the box, which leads behind the scenes, and enquired of Hitchcock, the poor pitiful prompter, "What was the reason the horns did not play ?" He immediately ran to Giordani, who presided on this occasion at the harpsichord, and repeated his master's enquiry ; the other desired the inquisitive Prompter not to trouble himself about the business ; for that the horns, in such a part of the overture, had a *rest*. "A *rest*," rejoined the sensible Manager, when the embassy was delivered, "then, Sir, I insist on the *horns* being *forfeited* ; for, damn me, if any man shall have the least *rest* in my Theatre."

When



When Mr. D— engages a person of any merit, but finds, on a trial, that he does not prove the favourite he wishes or expected, or takes the least pique against him, he immediately endeavours to make him unhappy, and enrich himself, by sending him such and such parts, which he is very certain he will not accept of, and thereby makes him incur a *forfeit* of *five pounds*. The reader, perhaps, on this occasion may observe, why will the actor submit to this imposition? In reply, I say, he cannot possibly help it. When a man goes to the office to receive his money, he is obliged to sign his name to that same forfeit, before he can receive any money at all: if he refuses to submit to this imposition, he may go *without*, and *starve*. An actor can never boast of much affluence, or considerable progress in the world. He gets himself into a strange country, where he can find no friends or assistance: The little he had, perhaps, he expended in his travels and way thither. Ten pounds is a wonderful object to a  
country

country performer ; for a less sum than that, no man can export himself to Dublin. Finding, of course, the above shameful and unexpected circumstances taking place every week, he flies from his engagement, and returns to England, where he very soon finds himself arrested and thrown into prison ; for which the Manager has this legal pretext, that so the money, agreed for in the articles, is paid, *on or before the 26th of May*, it indemnifies himself, and subjects the actor to a penalty of five hundred pounds. Why not defend the action, then, says another ? Surely, an English Jury, on having such shameful proceedings properly represented to them, would rescue the defendant in the most honourable manner ? But, in reply, what man is so very ready to come forward and bail a *country stroller* for five hundred pounds ? Where is that love of justice so easily to be found ? Nay, so very apprehensive are men now a-days, that even one brother is seldom to be persuaded to come forward in such a business for another.

another. The final consequence then of the affair is, that the poor actor is arrested for breach of articles and thrown into prison, perhaps, for life.

The friends of Mr. D— may say, in reply to this, who has he ever put in prison? I answer, Wilson; Moss; poor Brown now lies in Sheffield jail. His present dilemma, however, may teach him to feel for the miserable captivity of others. From many he has extorted money to adjust the difference; the payment of two or three hundred pounds he has received from Wilson, from Mrs. Robinson, from Mrs. Billington, and several others.

Another *pleasant* circumstance attending an Irish engagement is this, particularly to a delicate and feeling mind: When an actor or actress goes to receive their salary, they are obliged to stand on some dismal narrow stairs, huddled together, which lead to the office, and mix among the whole group of lamp-lighters,



lighters, scene-shifters, carpenters, taylor, and so forth, who repair, with gaping mouths and hungry stomachs, to this rendezvous of poverty, disgrace, and misery.

In Dublin they seldom perform more than three times a week. The old plays are in general represented, for the Manager can seldom afford to get up any new productions. The performers, nevertheless, are regularly called to rehearsal every morning, at ten o'clock; though I have *really* known them to sit up, on that business, till four in the morning. If the plays fixed on to be represented are very perfect, the Manager has others called, never intended to be performed, but merely to create a disgust among the performers, and acquire a considerable number of forfeits.

A Manager, let him be who or what he may, has been looked upon among the profession as an object of awe and terror. Many of the fair sex regard Mr.

D—

D— in the light of a *fine* man ; however, as I have already given my opinion, I shall not now make any addition to it. At the same time, let any *fine woman* belong to the theatre, the Manager, by some means or another, finds means to obtain possession of her person. If she obstinately perseveres in *acting* right, he literally *starves* her to his purposes. Flattery is the grand ruling principle that actuates and governs a woman's conduct—Give her a good part, then let the Manager slip in opportunely, praise her rising merit, pass a few compliments on her person, and most *particularly* on her dress, press her closely, take her into a bye-room to offer her some refreshment, and then she often falls a victim to the snares laid for her—Should she however withstand all these temptations—refuse all the Manager's fine offers, and reject his infamous addresses, then the Prompter receives immediate orders to send the inflexible fair one a set of the most insignificant parts, which she spiritedly refuses—the consequence

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is, she gets *forfeited*, receives no money, flies from her engagement, is arrested, thrown into prison, then perhaps is obliged to submit at last to the hated embraces of her prosecutor to effect her emancipation. This last measure we have known to be fact. Through these libertine and infamous manœuvres, which were most vigorously opposed to our fair Warbler, she became the participator of an illicit connection; but we shall be silent on this subject for the present, as we soon have to answer the great crime of *incest* alledged against her, and which being brought forward as the *first* enormity, must be *first* replied to.

Assertions should not be advanced without proofs can be adduced; we have just said, that many unhappy females and performers have been brought to the brink of infamy and poverty by the machinations of Mr. D—; we will now prove what we have affirmed:—It is easily remembered, that a Miss T——le, a young lady possessed of every accomplishment,

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plishment, being discharged from Covent-Garden Theatre, made an engagement with the Irish Manager, under the name of Mrs. A—n—being a beautiful and elegant woman, she soon struck our hero, who, finding that he could not accomplish his purposes so easily as his vanity and power led him to imagine, he soon flew to his old practice of starving the besieged into compliance. Some little time after this unhappy connection she was afflicted with a most *violent disorder*, that broke out over her face and body in large blotches.—A countenance that lately pleased and fascinated, now proved nauseous and disgusting—In this situation she continued for some time, and after experiencing every ill usage and barbarity, she went to Cork, where she fell in with a Quaker Captain, who took her over with him to America—“Then should not the public join in the most indignant reprobation of a wretch, who has been the sole cause of alienating the affections of an *indulgent husband*!”

RIDGWAY AGAIN.

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S—ll,

S——ll, who is really a *good actor*, was engaged a few seasons back at the Dublin Theatre, with his wife, on a salary of eleven pounds a week—notwithstanding this agreement he received *one guinea* only, after a period of seven weeks!!—Nay, in such a manner was he pinched by the repeated defaults of the Manager's payments, that he was obliged to pledge his watch on the Saturday, when he expected and was refused payment, to acquire a *Sunday's* dinner.

Numberless are the instances that I could bring forward on this occasion, but as I do not wish to swell the book with repetitions of what tend to answer the same purpose, I will subjoin no more.—Suffice it to say, on this occasion, that the supernumeraries of the theatres are frequently so much distressed, as to be under the actual necessity of stealing the performers' cloaths whilst they are doing their business on the stage.

It must be understood, that Mr. D—'s apartments in the theatre, answer as well for a brothel in the morning, as for a gambling rendezvous in the evening;—in the outer-room stand the dramatic courtiers—and when their master receives any of the ladies belonging to the theatre to enjoy a *tête-à-tête*, he gives them a wink, and they accordingly retire till the *business* is concluded.

So much for *the present state of the Irish Theatre*.—Half of the enormities, however, practised in it, are not related here. They who have the *furor of acting* on them, and they who have already entered into the service, may learn to be cautious how they cross the Channel.—The exposure of one, is a sacrifice that ought to be made, to avert the ruin and destruction of hundreds. We will now conclude this subject, with observing, that the greatest bait laid for a country actor, is the punctuality with which D— generally pays the performers of the London Theatres, who go over to Dublin

in



in the *light of stars*.—These he is obliged to pay; and on any application being made to them by a rustic stroller, they, of course, cannot speak otherwise than well of the Manager's *integrity*.

The next circumstance that made Mr. D— a greater object of *notoriety*, was the *pigeoning* of the lottery-office-keepers in Dublin—though we cannot pity the latter, in respect of *insuring*, as it leads so many poor and ignorant people to commit the worst of crimes, still all that does not in the least wipe away the *honesty* and good intent of our hero.

The facts of that business are principally these :—

Mr. D— being particularly pressed for money, he dispatched his *chere ami* Mr. K—n—y to England, on an honest embassy of visiting Guildhall early in the morning, on the design of authenticating the first six drawn numbers, and then to make the best and quickest of

his way back to Dublin.—No one in the world could have possibly completed his office with more dispatch and success than Mr. K——, for he immediately set off post to Holy-head or Park-gate, we cannot ascertain which; and hiring a vessel, which fortunately happened to lie at anchor, he made his way to Ireland a considerable period of time before the post:—on his arrival, Mr. D—w—n was sent to the office of Le Fevre and Co. to *insure* these numbers to the amount of six thousand pounds; they were accordingly insured; and, on the arrival of the packet with the state of the drawing, they very modestly sent to the office for the money insured; which, on suspicion of some foul dealings, were peremptorily refused:—This immediately brought on a law-suit between the parties, the result of which was, D— recovered the whole amount of his insurance; and the lottery-offices, after being put to an enormous expence, were obliged to compound with government, in a very considerable sum of money, for issuing illegal insurances.

So

So much for *pigeoning*. When the business came to be known, not a corner in any of the public Irish newspapers but were stamp'd with the name of D— and Co. decorated on one side with the emblem of a *pigeon* flying from England to Ireland, with his beak filled with insurance tickets.

The last object of *notoriety* our hero was engaged in, is that affair for which he is now imprisoned. *Truth* has been our aim through this brief sketch, which we defy any one to call in question. No man (as the Compiler of Mrs. B—'s Memoirs observes) is free from error. Mr. D—, of course, like other poor frail mortals, is not exempt from it. No one can be his defender in any one circumstance which we have hitherto brought forward. Every one, however, must stand up for Mr. D—, respecting the facts of his late fatal affair—fatal we fear (but hope not) to himself and his family. *Impartiality* should be always leagued with *Truth*. Both these excellent qualities,



we hope, will be attributed to us by all our Readers.

Mr. D——n's benefit taking place during the engagement of Mr. Incledon, the latter kindly offered to exert his excellent powers in Mr. D——n's behalf. The advertisement of which attracted, as they always did, a crowded and fashionable audience. Mr. I——n was, very unfortunately and *really*, taken very ill. The play, of course, was obliged to be changed—a violent tumult in consequence ensued—apologies made, but most vehemently refused. Mr. D—, at last, was called upon to appear, which he accordingly did; but all turned out ineffectual as before. Some young bucks in the boxes grew outrageous, and most provokingly insolent: They insisted on the Manager asking pardon of the house on *his knees*, after informing them, that whoever was displeased with the circumstance, might have *their money returned*. “*Down on your knees, and beg pardon,*”

*pardon*," however, was still the exclamation of these magnanimous bloods. Insolent requisition—beneath the dignity of *manhood*, and which a *man* could never demand. This, of course, was very properly and spiritedly refused by D—. The lamps and benches began to experience a general demolition. Mr. C. D—, the counsellor, was in the front of the house, and, naturally incensed at a sight which might involve his brother and family in some very disagreeable consequences, took a decided part in the business; and seizing hold of the first aggressor that he beheld, very properly punished him for his wantonness and presumption. Mr. R. D—, seeing his brother involved in imminent danger from the superiority of numbers, came to his assistance, and drove the *principal rioter* from the house. The public are already acquainted with the result of the business, namely, that Mr. C. D— is imprisoned for twelve months, and Mr. R. D— for six months.

Now

Now, for a few moments of impartial reflection.—Every public man has, in general, a complete host of enemies; these fall to the lot (in more than an ordinary portion) of Mr. R. D—. The patent of the Irish theatre depends on the good behaviour of the patentee: the present Manager, of course, has forfeited it, by his late fatal sentence of imprisonment. Thousands were ready to seize on the property of an unfortunate individual—an individual on whom, in this respect, depends the existence and happiness of a wife and nine children.

As we have concealed no names through the whole of this publication, the parties, then, who are endeavouring to become the masters of D—'s property are, Messrs. C—h and S—y. The world account them good men, but in this respect they are most faulty: As husbands and fathers *themselves*, they ought to feel for *one*. Mr. D— is now to be pitied, as an unfortunate man. Misfortune, in general, softens the edge



of hatred, and makes it incline to tender sensations. Our hero's present situation will, no doubt, teach him to feel for that of others : Captivity will make him release those who feel it from his own power. The prison door, we hope, will soon be open to all parties. *May forgive, and be forgiven*, prove the general motto !

Let the man in power reflect for a moment, that he must be *judged*, well as *judge*—The indiscretion of a moment, hurried on by passion and self-preservation, may be overlooked and forgiven. Reflect, that a worthy woman, the affectionate mother of nine children, who has been an ornament to, and an affluent member of society, may be plunged, with her innocent offspring, in poverty and misery, from the ill-guided zeal of her husband—ill-guided, as the Court of Justice says—not that we arraign, but appeal to it only in the present instance.

We

We have given this sketch of Mr. D— and the Irish Theatre to shew, in one respect, that Mrs. B— cannot be called his ruin or seduction; to shew the infamous intent of Mr. R—, in endeavouring to prejudice the *really* fond husband, and the affectionate wife, against our lovely Syren; to raise the scrupulous part of the female sex against her; to blacken and to ruin her in the opinion of a generous Public: To shew that the actresses, who visit the Irish stage, are more subject to be *seduced* than *seduce*.— We hope, however, that Mr. D—'s present situation has taught him to feel and reflect, that if the lenient hand of mercy shall emancipate him from the gloomy horrors of a jail, that he will endeavour henceforward to make the Irish stage as respectable as it is now otherwise.

But to proceed with our answer—

Mrs. B— is accused in her Memoirs of incest, both with her *father* and *brother*, by Mr. R—. This is a most *damnable* false-

falsehood. The circumstances which may lead him to the suspicion of such a crime, and which evidently have led him into a maze of error and infamy, are these—There was a foreigner, who played the violin, we believe, at Vauxhall, and whose name, to the best of our knowledge, was Agus or August, though his brother music called him *Argus*.—This man certainly made an *attempt* to commit a rape on Mrs. B— at eleven years old, but did not succeed—For this offence he was to have taken his trial at Kingston, but found means to escape from the kingdom, in which he has never been since. As the continuation of such a subject may lead us into as many *indecenties* as are accumulated by the moral Mr. R— through the Memoirs; we shall say no more upon it—Suffice it to say, that the above circumstance is the *fact*.

Respecting the cuckoldom of D—, for which his wife has the most part of the reprehension laid upon her; we think  
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her less so than any other of the party. Mr. C— and Mr. D— laid the most violent sieges to the person of our Syren, and left no measure unaccomplished to obtain their purposes. If the husband would go to Liverpool, or any where else, on a cock and a bull errand, leave his wife in a strange kingdom, exposed to the arts and inveiglements of a train of confessed debauchees; could Mrs. B—, young and artless as she then was, open to all the allurements of flattery and promises, be so very blameable as her biographer pictures her to be.—No, we reply—Though it is not our intent to support vice or immodesty, we cannot help taking notice of the above, particularly when Mr. R— so rigidly, though laughably dwells on Mrs. B—'s having been the *sole* cause of alienating the affections of an *indulgent Husband*.

These are the two capital counts alleged against the character of Mrs. B—; on these, the Compiler of her Memoirs dwells, as he supposes, with very

very witty *double-entendres* ; but, in reality, with the most infamous indecencies. Now and then he charges her with having *injured* almost the whole country.—The loving correspondence *he* holds with his friends in Jermyn-street, has now enabled him, by experience, to rival his friend Mr. Leake in his ingenious composition ; and then, because he finds himself at a loss for abuse, he rails against the prodigality of the managers, for rewarding the talents of Mrs. B—, in a manner, as he imagines, so very profuse—when it is very generally known, that no professional woman, for a continuation, brings more money to the managerial coffers, than our beautiful Syren. If she *imposes* on her employers, how has he *imposed* on the Public, by sending such an infamous and scandalous catchpenny into the world.

The writer of this had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. B— make her appearance in *Emily*, in the Woodman, after the appearance of her Memoirs ; and, with

with the most heart-felt satisfaction, was one, among hundreds, who joined in convincing her, that the malignant blow lately levelled at her, proved futile and impotent—Convinced her, that merit and beauty like her's, might stand up undaunted, against a thousand R——lls and R——ys.

We were sorry however, to observe, a trepidation and languor upon her, evidently arising from the late circumstance.—Why should that have been? —The Public are ever candid and good-natured—Conscious, at the same time, that the best of them cannot escape censure and calumny.

Though Mrs. B— was unsuccessful in preferring a bill of indictment against the Publisher of her Memoirs; the Chief Justice, however, we are happy to observe, has thought proper to grant the rule against Mr. B—, moved lately by Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench; and there is but little doubt that

K

a Jury



a Jury of Englishmen, siding with beauty and merit, most illiberally attacked and stabbed at, as it has been, will punish the offender, as they, in the awful trust reposed in them, shall think best; and thereby, in some measure, heal the wound given to our fair plaintiff.

Another circumstance that we have it in our power to acquaint our readers with, is, that the inhabitants of St. James's parish, as all good citizens ought to do, intend to punish the Publisher, as far as their power will extend, for sending a book into the world, calculated in every sense to debauch the minds of their daughters, wives, and families; for even at this early period Mrs. B—'s Memoirs have crept into all the sixpenny magazines, pamphlets, and publications.

We shall conclude this intelligence, with hinting, merely, as Mr. R— vaunts so much of his own decency and integrity, reprehending Mrs. B— at the same  
time

time for such extreme looseness and horrible depravities, that when he sent her *Memoirs* into the world, they were only to serve as a *fair* and *virtuous* companion to his *chaste publication* of Capt. M—'s and other *rich authors'* luscious and fanciful *Sonnets*, which have crept into the closets of both old and young—Into hands, where a discovery would surprize all, and shudder even the most depraved.

Mr. R— having *avored* the Public with a poetic composition at the conclusion of his *Memoirs*, we shall, in this respect, intrude on our readers, and follow his example.

...for their extreme poverty and  
...the world they were  
...to give as a gift and  
...to his own people of  
...and other things of value and  
...which have been  
...of both old and young - into  
...which a very small number  
...and which were very precious.

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O D E

ADDRESSED TO

MRS. BILLINGTON.

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I.

Hark ! how yon haughty rough-hewn tow'r,  
The gloomy feat of magic pow'r,  
With *Harmony's* divinest notes resounds ;  
Enchanted with the soothing strain,  
Bold Edgar seeks the shady plain,  
With soul exulting, to its farthest bounds ;  
Good God ! exclaims the wond'ring youth,  
What voice of harmony and truth  
Thus strikes my heart with its seraphic lays.  
Hark ! how she tunes her warbling throat,  
Whilst feather'd choirs repeat the note :  
Euterpe wond'ring stands enwapt in mute amaze,  
The youth with slow, with anxious pace,  
Guides to the soul-attractive place,  
With still attentive step steals o'er the verdant plain,  
And lifts with rapture to the fascinating strain.

Lull'd

II.

Lull'd by the soft melodious sound,  
 Beneath the gate-way's arch profound,  
 Two Hyrcan tygers deep entranced lay ;  
 Their bloody chaps retain'd a grin,  
 Rude symbol of the joy within ;  
 And sporting, past th' harmonious hours away.  
 O ! thou lovely, warbling Fair,  
 Sweet banisher of ev'ry care,  
 What source of joy must thou to Edgar prove ;  
 Nor Orpheus' lute, nor Amphion's lyre,  
 Could such emotions e'er inspire,  
 As thou sweet child of Harmony and Love.  
 Now through the hall the youth repairs,  
 And now he climbs the gothic stairs ;  
 And hark ! beneath his step the dreary pile rebounds,  
 The blood-stain'd battlements with Beauty's name resounds.

III.

Before the porch in phalanx'd rows,  
 Vindictive Furies bent their bows,  
 And rear'd their hostile banners to his fight ;  
 The youth, with Cupid's arrows gor'd,  
 Unsheath'd his glitt'ring keen-edg'd sword,  
 And dauntless put the jarring host to flight.  
 With ardour and with conquest flush'd,  
 Through the wide portal Edgar rush'd—

Then

Then view'd the fair with ecstasy elate;  
 Attended by the Delphic god,  
 O'er the rough dome they lightly trod,  
 No longer bound in chains by magic fate.—  
 She gave the youth her lily hand,  
 Then waving it, with soft command,  
 Through formidable arches flew alert and gay,  
 On Edgar smil'd and sigh'd, then wish'd the god away:

IV.

Now they had reach'd the destin'd hall,  
 The trembling fair, with dire appall,  
 Breath'd her soft notes with energy divine;  
 Thro' the dread porch they swiftly glanc'd,  
 Where hell-born Discord lay entranc'd,  
 A sleeping victim to the tuneful Nine;  
 Around her head the snakes lay still,  
 Obedient to the Syren's will,  
 And to her lays submissive, lowly cring'd;  
 But still she tun'd her magic song,  
 The scatter'd Furies join the throng;  
 Whilst with their blood the youth his weapon ting'd.  
 When Discord slain, the happy pair  
 To tuneful mansions swift repair;  
 Whilst sphere to sphere re-echo thund'ring from above,  
 And heav'n resounds with Billington and with Love:

F I N I S.



[ 27 ]

The first thing I saw when I  
opened my eyes was a  
man in a long black robe  
and a white turban. He was  
sitting on a low stool and  
looking at me with a  
calm expression. I felt  
a little nervous, but he  
smiled and said, "Welcome  
to the house of the Lord."

I was in a room that was  
very simple. There was a  
table with a white cloth  
and some food on it. The  
man in the robe was  
sitting at the head of the  
table. He was looking at  
me and talking to me.  
He was telling me about  
the things that I should  
do. He was telling me  
about the things that I  
should not do. He was  
telling me about the things  
that I should love. He  
was telling me about the  
things that I should hate.  
He was telling me about  
the things that I should  
do for the Lord. He was  
telling me about the things  
that I should do for the  
people. He was telling me  
about the things that I  
should do for the world.  
He was telling me about  
the things that I should  
do for the Lord, the people,  
and the world.

[ 28 ]

